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to the first act is a number of great merit. The opening subject is charming, and it is well developed and enforced in the instrumentation; all the following subjects are broad and free, the action never flags, and the interest is sustained throughout. The "good night" quartette is a most ingenious and effective composition, the refrain, "Good night Senor Balthazar," being both beautiful and appropriate. The orchestration of this number is replete with varied figures, which render it both brilliant and effective. There are many other clever and pleasing numbers in the opera, which, as a whole, we must pronounce clever in construction, pleasing in melodies and admirable in the spirit of genuine fun which so distinctly characterizes it. Its success is fully deserved, and we should think that it would attract crowded houses for several weeks, if the roars of laughter and warm applause which have greeted its first performances are faithful indications of the approval of the public. Mr. Eichberg conducts his own music with much spirit; he keeps the performers well together and up to time, but his directing is not distinguished by either delicacy or refinement. There is scarcely any coloring throughout the work, although it offers many points for fine shading and contrasted effects. Mr. Eichberg will have to tone down his exuberance of manner and attend more closely to the refinements and details of performance before he will be acceptable to our public in the capacity of Operatic Conductor.

We must not forget to give a just meed of praise to Mr. Ketchum, who as Senor Balthazar, acted with so much spirit and point that he fully sustained the fun and drollery which seemed to rule the hour.

The English opera speculation is thus favorably launched, seemingly on a flowing tide of prosperity, and if there is unanimity of action and good faith among those concerned in the management, there is no reason why the success should not be permanent. Internal jealousy and dissensions have destroyed more promising undertakings than we could name. We hope that this will prove an exceptional case.

MUSIC IN CENTRAL PARK.

The customary summer open-air concerts at the Central Park have commenced, last Saturday afternoon, bringing with it the initial entertainment of the series; one, too, which was of a character not only to augur extremely well for the succeeding concerts of the course, but was likewise memorable of itself,—the character and performance of the music, the state of the atmosphere, and the large and elegant attendance uniting to render the occasion thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. H. B. Dodworth has, for several years, been the director of music at the Park—a choice on the part of the Commissioners which experience has shown to have been discreet and felicitous. Mr. D. is again, this season, at his former post, though under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances, and in the midst of professional trials

which might be expected to make most men ill at ease. Owing to the "strike" of the musicians last autumn, Mr. Dodworth's associations with his professional brethren were materially disturbed, and, the difficulties not having yet been adjusted, he and all the leaders of orchestras in the theatres are surrounded by bands not composed of "Musical Union" men, but entirely taken from without that organization. Considering the fact that these leaders had almost nothing, in the way of musical capital, to start with, it can scarcely be denied that they have acquitted themselves exceedingly well in gathering orchestras, and in schooling them into effective performance.

Of material such as we have just described is the "Central Park Band" of the present year, and numbering thirty-five men. It is also "Dodworth's Band"; and most of its members likewise perform in some one of the theatres. It will compare favorably with any band that ever played in the Park, and among its principal members are Mr. T. J. Dodworth, Mr. Standhaft (lately from Montreal), and Mr. Stigler, trumpeter; Mr. Dreiter (an old and valuable member), clarionet; Mr. J. P. King (lately leader of the 8th Connecticut Regimental Band), clarionet; Mr. Helgren, flute; Mr. Kustenmacher, French horn, (formerly of the Germania Musical Society); Mr. Englemann (lately of the Philharmonic Society), bassoon, &c., &c. Several musicians who had been associated with Mr. Dodworth during many years, chose to unite their fortunes with his, and followed him, while other highly important acquisitions have been made from other cities; and, as a whole, the band is a very fine one indeed,—though we think it might be improved by the substitution of trombones for some of the tenor valve-instruments.

The programme of the first concert comprised the overtures "Oberon," by Weber, and "Masaniello," by Auber, both of which were played in admirable style—the first, especially, being given with remarkable accuracy and artistic merit. A fine selection from Verdi's "Attila," and sundry lighter pieces were also performed, all, apparently, to the highest satisfaction, and, perhaps, ten thousand persons, whose applause, frequently and generously bestowed, indicated the value at which our Park Concerts are held by the people.

We hope yet to hear a band of one hundred instruments in the Park. We may not do so this season, nor the next; but still we confidently look for it at a day not far distant. Military music is very effective, and is wonderfully popular, and the humanizing effect of frequent entertainments of this character is almost impossible of estimation. We advocate warmly, therefore, every movement of this kind, and commend, in particular, to the regard of our readers, the course of concerts for 1866.

Saturday, the 19th of May, was the day appointed for the election of a member of the musical section of the French Institute, (Paris), to fill the chair left vacant by Clapisson's decease. Five candidates have presented themselves: Gounod, Felician David, Victor Massé, Maillart, and Elwart. We do not yet know to whom the honor has been offered.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 329. "The Physician—Hawthorne's scarlet Letter," by Mr. Oliver J. Lay. A good and characteristic figure, and well painted. Mr. Lay has caught the spirit of the written sketch, and has transferred it to the canvas in faithful reality.

No. 530. "The Mountain Side," by Mr. George H. Smillie. Sky very luminous; the distances good, and the sense of looking off from the mountain finely rendered. The foreground detail is not so successful.

No. 335. "King Lear," by Mr. Ed. H. May. The scene is, we suppose, intended to represent the interview between Lear and his daughter Cordelia. Although a very pretentious, this cannot be said to be a good picture. It is tricky, and not always correct in drawing. The color is hardly worthy of Mr. May. There are, however, some good points in the grouping, and there is fair vitality in the action.

No. 342. "Portrait," by W. M. Hunt. A well arranged group, and very pleasant in color.

No. 346. "Loves Melancholy," by Mr. Constant Mayer. Very fine in expression, but perhaps a little forced. In attempting to give a tearful expression to the eyes, the painter has made them too liquid, so that they seem to be dissolving in tears, and actually running out of the young lady's head. The effect is a little overdone, and yet it may be allowed on the plea of a sudden suffusion springing up from a momentary bitter thought. The hands are beautifully painted and very expressive, and Mr. Mayer cannot receive too much praise for his arrangement of the drapery.

The conception of this picture is exquisitely poetic, and the feeling is tender and beautiful. The girl is no idealized beauty, but a lovely specimen of simple womanhood, in the freshness and delicate roundness of youth. The whole figure, in its graceful lassitude, faithfully and charmingly expresses the sentiment of the picture.

No. 334. "November Morning," by Mr. Gilbert Burling. Good in drawing, but a little artificial in color. Mr. Burling has evidently studied the habits of game birds very carefully.

No. 356. "Woods of Asshokan," By Mr. J. E. McEntee. Beautiful in color and exquisite in detail. The white shirt of the figure, however, is out of tone with the rest of the picture. With this exception, it one of the finest landscapes in the exhibition in point of truthfulness to nature, feeling and general effect.

No. 358. "Fruit," by Mr. Paul Lacroix. An excellent study of fruit, both as to arrangement, form and color.

No. 360. "Hunter Mountain—Twilight," by Mr. S. R. Gifford. Painted in Mr. Gifford's happiest style. The subdued glow of the twilight is remarkably rendered, even for Mr. Gifford.

No. 363. "Portrait," by Mr. George A. Baker. This is, upon the whole, the best portrait on the Walls of the Academy. The upper part of the figure is very luminous in color, and the hands are the best specimen of flesh in half light that we have ever seen. Mr. Baker is nearly the only great colorist that we have among our portrait-painters. Such pictures as this are refreshing, after being wearied by the portraits painted year after year by men who hold high positions in the National Academy.

No. 365. "Waiting for a Pilot," by Mr. M. F. N. De Haas. One of Mr. De Haas's best pictures;

very fresh and pleasing in color, with spirited action.

No. "Death of Tybalt," by Mr. Alfred Fredericks. By far the best picture that Mr. Fredericks has yet painted. This picture, differently hung, would appear to be, what it really is, a very good piece of color; but, unfortunately, the gray tone throughout the shadows is almost identical in color with the wall which the Academy has so ingeniously painted, to the utter ruin of many excellent pictures.

No. 372. "Shakspeare Arraigned before Sir Thomas Lucy for Deer-Stealing," by Mr. J. W. Ehninger. There is in this picture some very good painting. Mr. Ehninger, perhaps, has not sufficiently considered the perspective of the figures; those in the foreground are somewhat too large to be correct, and the group wants compactness. The costumes are generally well painted.

No. 375. "Drifting," by Mr. W. J. Hennessy. This a picture strikingly unpleasant in color, and suggests too strongly other compositions of the same subject by eminent foreign artists. The treatment of accessories is in some respects excellent, but the faces are too vague in drawing to be expressive. The eyes as in the gentlemen's picture, "In Memoriam," seem to be omitted.

No. 377. "Returning from a Raid," by Mr. J. A. Oertel. It would, perhaps, be better for Mr. Oertel's reputation were he to confine himself to crayon drawings, in which he is remarkably successful; and still more should he abstain from animal subjects, in which his slight knowledge of comparative anatomy often leads him astray. The color of this picture, both in light and shadow, is very injudicious; The chiara-oscuro is also incorrect. There is no difference indicated, either in outline or intensity, between the general shadow thrown across the group by some object out of the picture, and the cast shadows directly under the feet of the animals. This is an inexcusable error. Among the errors in drawing, we notice all the legs of the animals, the chest and shoulders of the led horse, the arms and shoulders of the negro on horseback, the neck and head of the horse upon which he is riding and especially the two oxen chained together, who could not possibly take the relative positions in which they are drawn, on account of the well-known law of physics that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. These faults stand out glaringly, and are apparent to the least of observant eye.

No. 380. "Valley of the Androscoggin," by Mr. James Fairmean. This would have been a fine picture in effect had not the yellow tints been so injudiciously chosen. In other respects it commands attention.

No. 338. "Compensation," by Mr. George C. Lambdin. The subject is very good, being much pleasanter than Mr. Lambdin's sick people usually are. The treatment is good and effective.

No. 360. "The Last Touch," by Mr. W. D. Washington, is so full of merit, that it deserves a much better space than has been allotted to it.

No. 390. "October in the Catskills," by Mr. Jervis E. McEntee. Too violent in color, and is much below Mr. McEntee's usual stand. Some of the detail in the foreground is, however, very fine.

No. 397. "First Printing of the Bible, 1450," by Mr. Edwin White. There is room for improvement, in every respect in this picture. It is indifferent in design and color. It gives evidence of carelessness, which should never appear in the

works of an artist of reputation. Had Mr. White been more earnest, he could have done more justice to the subject.

No. 399. "Morning Glories," by Mr. W. T. Matthews. A clever picture. The subject well treated and very carefully painted.

No. 409. "Gettysburg," by Mr. J. F. Cropsy. This is a vast extent of landscape, which, from the total absence of feeling and the lack of any one point of interest or visible effect, amounts really to nothing as a work of art. It might be characterized as a portrait of the American flag and the flagstaff on which it is hung; and its value might be appreciated by the fact that the subject, being being upon a large scale, necessarily required a correspondingly large canvass.

No. 415. "At the Front," by Mr. George C. Lambdin. A pleasing picture, were it not for the painful fact that the principal figure, like some others of which we have already spoken, is eyeless. Whether this is occasioned by some wound which he has received, but of which there is no outward indication, or is owing to some absence of mind on the part of the painter, we do not know. But the fact remains that the unfortunate hero is as utterly and hopelessly blind as the fishes in the Mammoth Cave. At the next Academy Exhibition, we expect to see a number of figures painted without noses, which would make an agreeable variety. Apart from this, there is really striking merit in the picture, both as to color and character.

A CORNER-STONE LYRIC.

A man stood gazing up in the sky,
To look at the moon which did not shine;
His air all unsteady, and restless, told
Of mental woe, or of too much wine.

And thus he said, in an under-tone
"I've been a laying the corner-stone."

Two men stood gazing, they knew not why,
They wanted to go, they knew not where;
They watched the crowd as it hurried by,
And steadied themselves with a sober air.

But both of them said, in an under-tone
"We've been a laying the corner-stone."

Three men walked with unsteady gait,
They wanted to see each other home.
They strove to go each a different way,
Saying "Leibe Freud, mit me you gome."

And all of them said, in a maudlin tone
"We've all been a laying the corner-stone."

One man made for his virtuous bed,
But he tumbled oft as he went up stairs.
His good wife said, "O, where have you been?"
Troubled with tender, womanly fears.

When her lord replied, in a hic-cup-v tone—
"My love, I've been laying the corner-stone!"

What is this "laying the corner-stone?"
I asked of one whom I met in the street.
He said "'Tis an old masonic rite,
That fuzzles the head and unsteadies the feet.

If you meet a man who can't stand up alone,
Be sure he's been laying the corner-stone."

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

Among the most faithful students of nature, as indicated by the present exhibition, we must rank J. O. Eaton.

Mr. Eaton's works in landscape show that the artist is wholly uninfluenced by the theories of the schools,—he neither, on the one hand, shows an addiction to academic formulas, nor, on the other, has he set out with a pre-Raphaelite predetermination to see nature in a certain way. He seems rather to have gone out of his studio,—in which he has principally devoted himself to portraiture, and with masterly success, as the present, equally with the last, exhibition gives proof,—to refresh his eye in the open fields of nature. His landscapes are truly studies.

Though Mr. Eaton does not consciously adopt a theory, or class himself with a school, he must nevertheless submit to be instanced by us as a representative of the positive tendency in art. He studies nature as an end, instead of using her as a means for the composition of brilliant show-work. He is an analyst. He evinces a hearty satisfaction in the mere existence of the various individual things that compose the whole of nature,—in their simple vitality, their strength of growth,—a kind of satisfaction which they experience who read with pleasure, notwithstanding a sense of the ridiculous, the bare catalogues with which Whitman intersperses his more highly-wrought passages. But the limitations of the painter's art do not leave the former the same freedom which the poet may take. The unities hold him under their sway. Mr. Eaton is somewhat open to censure in this regard. There is an apparent lack of unity in his pictures, a lack, which, we think, arises rather from a want of gradation in color than from an unfortunate selection of the point of view. It should not be said *per contra* that in a study the unity of the whole is not to be required. Nature in her compositions always heads the unities, indeed conceals unities within unities, which it is the high function of the artist to discover and expound.

In positive color, however, Mr. Eaton is a close student; it is only in delicacy of gradation that he fails. In his two studies in the present exhibition, it is difficult to tell from what direction the light falls, a fact determined not simply by the line of the shadows, but by the gradations of color.

In connection with Mr. Eaton, James Hope may be mentioned as revealing similar qualities of feeling in the study of nature. Neither are imaginative. Both are hearty and true. Both are realists. Both evince a home-like Scotch tenderness which would spare the wee daisy of the fallow. Mr. Hope, however, having devoted himself wholly to landscape art, displays more skill as a colorist. But our estimate of the latter artist is made up rather from his recent "Forest Glen," than from his winter scene in the exhibition, a work which is hung too unfavorably for judicious review. Mr. Hope, however, can afford to despise the petty affronts of ruling academicians; a few more pictures, such as the "Forest Glen," exhibited at Goupil's or Avery's, will give him an independent position in the world of art.

Among the works of these artists whom we have classed as representative of the modern positive spirit, we call attention to the landscape, "Bald Mountain," by Fidelia Bridges. The foliage of the foreground is finely individualized and harmonized; but the mountain in the distance is brought too near the eye, is too hard in color.

J. C. White's "November in New Jersey" is an exquisite work, close in its study of details, delicate in its gradations and altogether charming in its rendering, by its mist-softened